

H Y M N S

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF

R E A L C H R I S T I A N S,

OF ALL DENOMINATIONS,

PUBLISHED BY

J O H N and *C H A R L E S W E S L E Y*.

Ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him: where there is neither *Greek* nor *Jew*, circumcision nor uncircumcision, *Barbarian*, *Scythian*, bond or free; but *CHRIST* is all and in all. Col. iii. 9---11.

THE TWENTY-SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *J. Paramore*, at the Foundry, Moorfields:

And sold at the New Chapel, in the City-Road; and at the Rev.
Mr. Wesley's Preaching-Houses in Town and Country, 1781.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE innumerable mischiefs which have arisen from bigotry, an immoderate attachment to particular opinions or modes of worship, have been observed and lamented in all ages, by men of a calm and loving spirit. O when will it be banished from the face of the earth! When will all who sincerely fear GOD, employ their zeal, not upon ceremonies and notions, but upon justice, mercy, and the love of GOD!

2. The ease and happiness that attend, the unspeakable advantages that flow from a truly catholic spirit, a spirit of universal love (which is the very reverse of bigotry) one would imagine, might recommend this amiable temper to every person of cool reflection. And who that has tasted of this happiness can refrain from wishing it to all mankind? Who that has experienced the real comfort, the solid satisfaction, of an heart enlarged in love toward all men, and in a peculiar manner to all that love GOD and the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, can avoid earnestly desiring, that all men may be partakers of the same comfort?

3. It is with unspeakable joy, that these observe the spirit of bigotry greatly declining, (at least in every

protestant nation of Europe) and the spirit of love proportionably increasing. Men of every opinion and denomination now begin to bear with each other. They seem weary of tearing each other to pieces on account of small and unessential differences: and rather desire to build up each other in the great point wherein they all agree, the faith which worketh by love, and produces in them the mind which was in CHRIST JESUS.

4. It is hoped, the ensuing Collection of Hymns may in some measure contribute, through the blessing of GOD, to advance this glorious end, to promote this spirit of free love, not confined to any opinion or party. There is not a hymn, not one verse inserted here, but what relates to the common salvation; and what every serious and unprejudiced Christian, of whatever denomination may join in. It is true, none but those who either already experience the kingdom of GOD within them, or at least earnestly desire so to do, will either relish or understand them. But all these may find herein either such prayers as speak the language of their souls when they are in heaviness; or such thanksgivings as express, in a low degree, what they feel, when rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Come then all ye children of the Most High, and let us magnify his name together: And let us with one mind and one mouth glorify GOD, even the Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

H Y M N S
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

H Y M N I.

I S A I A H lv. Ver. 1, &c.

- 1 **H**O! Every one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call,
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise?
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd, fin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind :
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,
Ye spend your little all in vain.

- 6 In search of empty joys below
 Ye toil with unavailing strife :
 Whither, ah, whither would you go?
 I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Harken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food,
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
 My promises for sinners free:
 Come, taste the manna of my love,
 And let your soul delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive,
 Quickened your souls by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

H Y M N II.

A Prayer for one convinced of Sin.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
 Whate'er thy every creature needs,
 Whose goodness providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
 To thee I look; my heart prepare;
 Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say:
 Thou see'st my wants: for help they call,
 And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind;

Thou

Thou knowest how unsubduéd my will;
 Averse to good, and prone to ill:
 Thou knowest how wide my passions rove,
 Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see:
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burthen groan;
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
 My total misery reveal;
 Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say)
 An heart to mourn, an heart to pray,
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my every breath be prayer.

6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
 When all my warmest wishes faint;
 Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
 When all my kindling ardours die:
 Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,
 For still I cannot, cannot love.

7 Father, I want a thankful heart,
 I want to taste how good thou art,
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me;
 The length and breadth, and depth and height,
 Of love divinely infinite.

8 Father, I long my soul to raise,
 And dwell for ever on thy praise,
 Thy praise with glorious joy to tell
 In extasy unspeakable;
 While the full power of faith I know,
 And reign triumphant here below.

H Y M N III.

Divine Love.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathoméd no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is painéd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
 And fain I would: but though my will
 Seem fixéd, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee;
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see;
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive;
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee,

6 O Love,

- 6 O Love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care :
 Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
 Thro' all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry !
- 7 Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am !
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame :
 O help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of thy love.
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits thy call :
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N IV.

The Means of Grace.

- 1 **S**UFFICE for me, that thou, my Lord,
 Hast bid me fast and pray ;
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd,
 'Tis only mine to' obey.
- 2 Thou bidst me search the sacred leaves,
 And taste the hallow'd bread ;
 The kind command my soul receives,
 And longs on thee to feed.
- 3 Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 I in thy temple wait :
 I long to find thee in thy word,
 Or at thy table meet.
- 4 Here in thine own *appointed ways*
 I wait to learn thy will ;

Silent

Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, *Be still!*

5 Be still, and know that I am God!
'Tis all I live to know,
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

6 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass thro',
And gasp in thee to live.

7 I work, and own the labour vain;
And thus from works I cease;
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

8 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

9 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the strife give o'er,
To thee I *then* the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.

10 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me;
Jesu, Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

H Y M N V.

A Passion-Hymn.

1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man!
The man of griefs condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to *Calvary* pursue.

- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound ;
The plowers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage ;
Hark, how they clamour for his blood !
- 4 Against his God the creature calls :
Accuséd and sentencéd by the breath
Himself inspiréd, their Maker falls ;
The Lord of life is dooméd to death.
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood !
His sacred limbs——exposéd and bare,
Or only coveréd with his blood !
- 6 See there ! his temples crownéd with thorn !
His bleeding hands extended wide !
His bleeding feet, transfixéd and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 7 Where is the King of glory now ?
The everlasting Son of God ?
Thé Immortal hangs his languid brow,
Thé Almighty faints beneath his load !
- 8 Beneath *my* load he faints, he dies !
I filléd his soul with pangs unknown,
I causéd those mortal groans and cries,
I killéd the Father's only Son.

Part the Second.

- 9 **O** Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Help me to catch thy precious blood,
Help me to taste thy dying love.

10 Give

- 10 Give me to feel thy agonies,
 One drop of thy sad cup afford :
 I fain with thee would sympathize,
 And share the sufferings of my Lord.
- 11 The earth could to her center quake,
 Convuls'd while her Creator died :
 O let mine inmost nature shake,
 And die with Jesus crucified.
- 12 At thy last gasp the graves display'd !
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And quicken'd by thy death arise.
- 13 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part ;
 O rend with thy expiring breath
 The harder marble of my heart.
- 14 My stony heart thy voice shall rent,
 Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove,
 My inmost bowels shall resent
 The yearnings of thy dying love.
- 15 Thy grace I surely shall receive,
 Thy death hath bought the grace for me ;
 This is my whole desire to live,
 To live, and then to die, in thee.

H Y M N VI.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 **R**EGARDLESS now of things below,
 Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
 Determin'd thee alone to know,
 Author and end of my desires ;
 Fill me with righteousness divine :
 To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What

- 2 What is a worthless worm to thee?
 What is in man thy grace to move?
 That still thou seekest those who flee
 The arms of thy pursuing love:
 That still thy inmost bowels cry,
 Why, sinner, wilt thou perish—why?
- 3 Ah! shew me, Lord, my depth of sin,
 Ah! Lord, thy depth of mercy shew:
 End, Jesus, end this war within:
 No rest my spirit ere shall know,
 Till thou thy quickning influence give;
 Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.
- 4 There, there before the throne thou art,
 The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain:
 Take thou, O take this guilty heart;
 Thy blood will wash out every stain:
 No cross, no suffering I decline,
 Only let all my heart be thine.

H Y M N VII.

The same.

- 1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes,
 And let my soul on thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny is past.
- 2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
 Long have I wander'd to and fro,
 O'er earth in endless circles rovd,
 Nor found whereon to rest below;
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For O the waters still are high.
- B
- 3 Selfish

- 3 Selfish pursuits and nature's maze,
 The things of earth for thee I leave :
 Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
 Into the ark of love receive ;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,
 Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
 In thee may all my wandrings cease,
 From thee no more may I depart,
 Thine utmost goodness calléd to prove,
 Lovéd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N VIII.

*Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and
 naked. Rev. iii. 17.*

- 1 **W**RETCHED, helpless, and distressed,
 Ah! whither shall I fly?
 Ever gasping after rest,
 I cannot find it nigh ;
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Fast bound in sin and misery,
 Friend of sinners, let me find
 My help, my all in thee.
- 2 Who my misery can relate,
 My depth of woe reveal?
 I have lost my first estate,
 In helpless Adam fell :
 Driven out of my abode,
 I now have lost my perfect bliss,
 Fallen, fallen out of God,
 And banished paradise.
- 3 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want,
 My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint ;

Full of putrifying sores,
 Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
 Looks to Jesus, help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.

- 4 In the wilderness I stray,
 My foolish heart is blind,
 Nothing do I know, the way
 Of peace I cannot find:
 Jesus, Lord, restore my fight,
 And take, O take this veil away,
 Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.

Part the Second.

- 5 **N**AKED of thine image, Lord,
 Forfaken and alone,
 Unrenewéd and unrestoréd,
 I have not thee put on :
 Over me thy mantle spread,
 Send down thy likeness from above,
 Let thy goodness be displayéd,
 And wrap me in thy love.

- 6 Poor, alas ! thou knowést I am,
 And would be poorer still,
 See my nakedness and shame,
 And all my vileness feel :
 No good thing in me resides,
 My soul is all an aching void,
 Till thy Spirit here abides,
 And I am filléd with God.

- 7 Jesu, full of truth and grace,
 In thee is all I want :
 Be the wandérer's resting-place,
 A cordial to the faint ;
 Make me rich, for I am poor,
 In thee may I my *Eden* find ;
 To the dying, health restore,
 And eye-sight to the blind,

- 8 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility;
 Put on me my glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee;
 Let thine image be restor'd,
 Thy name and nature let me prove,
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N IX.

A prayer to CHRIST.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,
 To thee I feebly pray,
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away!
 From this bondage, Lord, release,
 No longer let me be oppress'd;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
 Who groan beneath their sin?
 Weary I obey thy call,
 And come to be made clean:
 Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
 O grant me now the promis'd rest;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.
- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me:
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possest;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

- 4 Worldly good I do not want,
 Be that to others given :
 Only for thy love I pant,
 My all in earth or heaven :
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.
- 5 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath,
 Join the happy few, whose love
 Was mightier than death :
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be thy guest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N X.

Fear not, only believe ! Luke viii. 50.

- 1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
 The day of liberty draws near ;
 Jesus who on the serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear ;
 The Lord shall to his temple come,
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Lord, we confess our sins to thee,
 In sin we were conceived and born ;
 Plunged in the depth of misery,
 We never can to thee return,
 Till thou our fallen souls convert,
 And give the new believing heart.
- 3 Now, if thou canst, withhold thy grace
 From sinners, hungry, mournful, poor,
 Who ask thy love, who seek thy face,
 Who ever knock at mercy's door ;

At Jesu's feet who humbly lie,
 Resolv'd at Jesu's feet to die.

- 4 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
 Surely we shall thy mercy find,
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
 Nor canst thou it to me deny,
 I ask, the chief of sinners, I.
- 5 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
 Your down-cast hands and eyes lift up,
 Ye shall not be forgotten long,
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope;
 Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
 And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 6 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear,
 Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold,
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
 Tell him,—“ We will not let thee go,
 Till we thy name, thy nature know.”

H Y M N XI.

Blessed are the poor in Spirit, &c. Matt. v. 3, &c.

- 1 JESU, if still the same thou art,
 If all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor:
 To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest:
 And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
 I cannot; nay, I will not rest,
 Till thou, mine only rest, return:
 Till thou, the Prince of Peace appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.

3. Where

- 3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
 On all that hunger after thee !
 I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
 See, the poor fainting sinner see ;
 And satisfy with endless peace,
 And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
 Light in thy light I then shall see :
 Say to my soul, " Thy light is come,
 " Glory divine is risen on thee,
 " Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er,
 " Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 5 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
 And trust thou wilt not long delay,
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor ;
 Upon thy word myself I stay !
 Into thy hands my all resign,
 And wait till all thou art is mine.

H Y M N XII.

In Temptation.

- 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou,

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XIII.

He shall save his People from their Sins. Matt. i. 21.

- 1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with milder majesty :
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.
- 2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor constancy nor strength I have ;
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy power to save.
- 3 Save me from pride, the plague expel,
Jesu, thine humble self impart :
O let thy mind within me dwell !
O give me lowliness of heart !
- 4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin,
Thy spotless purity bestow ;
Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

- 5 Fury is not in thee, my God,
O why should it be found in thine?
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine.
- 6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child.

H Y M N XIV.

A prayer to CHRIST.

- 1 **I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take this poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickning Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King!
That thou shouldst us to glory bring:
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost: nor will we know,

Nor

Nor will we think of ought beside
 "My Lord, my Love is crucified!"

- 7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought!
 Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren, thou;
 To thee, lo! all our souls we bow,
 To thee our hands and hearts we give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live!

H Y M N XV.

These things were written for our instruction.

1 Cor. x. 11.

- 1 JESU, if still thou art to-day
 As yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy Name.
- 2 If still thou goest about to do
 Thy needy creatures good;
 On me, that I thy praise may shew,
 Be all thy wonders shewed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat;
 With pitying eyes behold me fall
 A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-aborred,
 I sink beneath my sin;
 But if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,
 Open, O Lord, mine ear;
 Bid me stretch out my withered hands,
 And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent,

6 Silent, (alas! thou knowest how long;)
 My voice I cannot raise;
 But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found :
 Give, and my strength employ ;
 Light as an hart I then shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
 And dark I am within :
 The love of God I cannot see,
 The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by,
 O let me find thee near !
 Jesu, in mercy, hear my cry,
 Thou Son of *David*, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way
 For thee the heavenly light :
 Command me to be brought, and say
 " Sinner receive thy sight!"

Part the Second.

11 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
 Thy quickning spirit give ;
 Call me, thou Son of God, that I
 May hear thy voice, and live.

12 While full of anguish and disease,
 My weak distemper'd soul
 Thy love compassionately sees,
 O let it make me whole.

13 While torn by hellish pride I cry,
 By legion-lust possess'd,
 Son of the living God, draw nigh,
 And speak me into rest.

- 14 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit ;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
- 15 To Jesu's Name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn Spirit bow,
My stiff-necked Will obey.
- 16 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am ;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.
- 17 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man ;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
- 18 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 19 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have :
But thou, thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 20 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 21 I too with thee shall walk in white ;
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesu's love.

H Y M N XVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

- 1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou knowest, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought
Bring I to buy thy grace:
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming as at first I came,
To take and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart,
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart:
 Till my place above I claim,
 This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XVII.

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee,
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
 If haply I may feel thee near;
 O dark, dark, dark, (I still must say)
 Amidst the blaze of gospel-day!
- 3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind;
 Thou, only thou to me be given
 Of all thou hast in earth and heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
 Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee;
 Jesu, when I have lost my all,
 My soul shall on thy bosom fall.
- 5 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the out-casts to receive;
 Tho' all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to thee are known.
- 6 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,

An

An helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

- 7 Lord, I am sick: my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 8 Lord, I am blind: be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might:
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

H Y M N XVIII.

Another.

- 1 **O** My Lord, what must I do?
Only thou the way canst shew,
Thou canst save me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power.
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the sinful heart,
Let it now on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone.
- 2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear these Idols from my heart,
All thy power on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone.
- 3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do,
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride:

Stop the whirlwind of my will,
 Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
 Now thy love almighty shew,
 Make even me a creature new.

- 4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
 Bow the heavens and come down:
 All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
 Lay the aspiring mountain low:
 Conquer thy worst foe in me,
 Get thyself the victory,
 Save the vilest of the race,
 Force me to be saved by grace.

H Y M N XIX.

Make me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li. 10.

- 1 **O** For an heart to praise my God;
 An heart from sin set free,
 An heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me :
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 An humble, broken, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within :
- 4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe!
 Jesu, for thee distressed I am;
 I want thy love to know.

- 6 My heart thou knowest can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of mine *Eden* repossess,
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

H Y M N XX.

Longing for CHRIST.

- 1 **O** Thou, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And shew me all thy goodness, shew :
Jesu, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy Name, thy Nature tell.
- 2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known ?
I claim thee with a faltering tongue,
I pray thee with a feeble groan :
Tell me, O tell me who thou art,
And speak thy Name into my heart.
- 3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mysteries of grace display,
Open mine eyes that I may see ;
That I may understand thy word :
And now cry out, *It is the Lord !*

H Y M N XXI.

The Resignation.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found ?
 And may I still draw near ?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.
 Jesu, thine aid afford,
 If still the same thou art :
 To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
 Lift up an helpless heart.
- 2 When shall thy love constrain,
 And force me to thy breast ?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest ?
 Ah, what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro ?
 Thou hast the words of endless life,
 Ah ! whither should I go ?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move :
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
 I groan to be set free,
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.
- 4 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part,
 Didst lead a suffering life below,
 To gain my worthless heart ;
 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe,
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death,

Part the Second.

- 5 . **A**ND can I yet delay
 My little all to give,
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?
 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compelléd,
 And own thee conqueror.
- 6 Tho' late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.
 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.
- 7 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know,
 To seek and taste no other blifs,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art!
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart.
- 8 Rather than let it burn
 For earth, O quench its heat:
 Then, when it would to earth return,
 O let it cease to beat.
 Snatch me from ill to come,
 When I from thee would fly,
 O take my wandring spirit home,
 And grant me then to die.

H Y M N XXII.

The same. —

- 1 **O** That my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
 The God of my salvation see?
 Weary, O Lord, thou knowest I am;
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest to my soul I long to find,
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thy image on my heart.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burthen prove,
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 This moment would I take it up,
 And after my dear Master bear,
 With thee ascend to *Calvary's* top,
 And bow my head and suffer there.
- 6 I would! but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay:
 Appear, in my poor heart appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN

H Y M N XXIII.

A Prayer against the power of Sin.

- 1 **O** That thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own.
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe :
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my head-strong will :
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What tho' I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load ;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is any thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall ?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,
Nearer to save thou art ;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart,

8 Lo!

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Thy promised help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name!

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care:
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!

Part the Second.

10 **J**ESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

11 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me.

12 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

13 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine:
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

14 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

15 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

16 Speak,

- 16 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
 The blind his sight receive,
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
 The heart of stone believe.
- 17 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
 The dead shall feel thy power,
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N XXIV.

Desiring to love.

- 1 **O** Love, I languish at thy stay,
 I pine for thee with lingring smart,
 Weary and faint thro' long delay;
 When wilt thou come into my heart,
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And swallow up my soul in thee?
- 2 Come, O thou universal Good,
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come,
 The hungry, dying spirit's food,
 The weary wandring pilgrim's home,
 Haven to take the ship-wrecked in,
 My everlasting rest from sin.
- 3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want,
 Support my feebleness of mind,
 Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
 Revive, illuminate the blind;
 The mournful chear, the drooping lead,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight,
 My strength, and health, my shield, and sun,
 My boast, and confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown,
 My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.

- 5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure, believing heart,
The Name inscribéd on the white stone;
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

Part the Second.

- 6 **O** Love divine, what hast thou done,
Thé immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
Thé immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified!
- 7 Behold him all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
My Lord, my Love is crucified!
- 8 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
We all are bought with Jesu's blood:
Pardon and life flow from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified!
- 9 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak or think beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified!"

H Y M N XXV.

Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 **F**ATHER, if thou my Father art,
 Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,
 Breathe him into my panting heart,
 And make me know as I am known;
 Make me thy conscious child, that I
 May Father, Abba, Father, cry!

2 I want the spirit of power within,
 Of love and of an healthful mind;
 Of power to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love to thee and all mankind,
 Of health that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

3 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear!
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter;
 He comes! and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ is mine,

4 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

5 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
 Attest that I am born again;
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
 Where is the sense of sin forgiven?
 Where is the earnest of my heaven?

D

6 Where

- 6 Where the indubitable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine:
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

H Y M N XXVI.

Micah vi. 6, &c.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 And bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiplied oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favour buy,
 Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God;
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain!
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 Excluded is my every boast,
 My glory swallowed up in shame.
- 5 Guilty I stand before thy face;
 I feel on me thy wrath abide:
 'Tis just the sentence should take place,
 'Tis just:—but O thy Son hath died.
- 6 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
 He bore our sins upon the tree,
 Beneath our curse he bowed his head;
 'Tis finished! he hath died for me!

- 7 For me I now believe he died:
He made my every crime his own,
Fully for me he satisfied:
Father, well-pleas'd, behold thy Son.
- 8 See where before thy throne he stands;
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shews that I am graven there!
- 9 He ever lives for me to pray,
He prays that I with him might reign:
Amen, to what my Lord doth say:
Jesu, thou canst not pray in vain.

H Y M N XXVII.

Redemption found.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thine heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood thro' earth and skies,
Mercy,—free, boundless mercy cries.

- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell affails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my stedfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

H Y M N XXVIII.

The same.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art so let us be!
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast,
 See I pant in thee to rest!
 Gladly would I now be clean,
 Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
 To thy cross my spirit bind;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
 Full of sin and misery,

Thine

Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood.

- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our souls on fire for thee;
When thy softning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

H Y M N XXIX.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.
- 2 Spotless and just in thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy Name,
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love.

H Y M N XXX.

CHRIST our Sanctification.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thine hallowing spirit breathe
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image thro' my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built of God.

- 6 Mine inward holiness thou art,
 For faith hath made thee mine;
 With all thy fulness fill my heart,
 Till all I am is thine.

H Y M N XXXI.

Gratitude for our Conversion.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and thee alone;
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee lovelier than the sons of men?
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain?
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shined,
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray:
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way:

My

My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste hallowéd fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What tho' my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

H Y M N XXXII.

CHRIST the Friend of Sinners.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wond'ring soul begin,
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand pluckéd from eternal fire!
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showéd,
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be calléd a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgivén,
Blest with this antepast of heaven.
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallowéd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

- 4 No; tho' the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war,
Tho' earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend proclaim,
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves:
He spreads his arms to' embrace you all,
Sinners alone his grace receives;
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.
- 6 Come all ye *Magdalens* in lust,
Ye ruffians fell, in murders old!
Repent and live, despair and trust;
Jesus for you to death was sold;
Tho' hell protest, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours and mine.
- 7 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin!
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.
- 8 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side:
Languish'd for you th^e eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven,
Only believe! and yours is heaven.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Subjection to Christ.

- 1 JESU, to thee my heart I bow;
Strange flames far from my soul remove:
Fairest among ten thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

- 2 All heaven thou fill'edst with pure desire :
O shine upon my frozen breast ;
With sacred love my heart inspire,
May I too thy hid sweetness taste.
- 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side :
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God !
Now man shall live, for God hath died !
- 4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
And triumph o'er my willing breast ;
Restore thine image, Lord, therein,
And lead me to thy Father's rest.
- 5 Ye earthly loves, be far away ;
Saviour, be thou my love alone ;
No more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me thy great will be done.
- 6 Yea, thou true Witness, spotless Lamb,
All things for thee I count but loss ;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be thy cross !

H Y M N XXXIV.

On the Crucifixion.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

- 3 'Tis done: the precious ransom's paid;
Receive my soul, he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

H Y M N XXXV.

Living by Christ.

- 1 JESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant Flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how chearing is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies!
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing hear, feel, or think but thee!
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire,
Hourly within my breast renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.

- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In want, in pain, in shame hast shew'd;
 For me on the accursed tree
 Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood,
 Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
 Nor aught shall the lov'd stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
 And foul with sins of deepest stain:
 But thou the mighty Saviour art,
 Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain:
 Ah! soften, melt this rock, and may
 Thy blood wash all these stains away.
- 7 O that my heart, which open stands,
 Might catch each drop, that torturing pain,
 Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
 Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
 That still my breast may heave with sighs,
 Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.
- 8 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee, nor ever rest,
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast!
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spirit with thee.

Part the Second.

- 9 **O** Draw me, Saviour, after thee,
 So shall I run and never tire;
 With gracious words still comfort me;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
 Free me from every weight; nor fear,
 Nor sin can come, if thou art near.
- 10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
 My portion and my treasure thou!
 O take me, seal me for thine own;
 To thee alone my soul I bow:

Without

Without thee all is pain ; my mind
 Repose in nought but thee can find.

- 11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
 In thee alone is all my rest;
 Be thou my theme, within me burn,
 Jesu, and I in thee am blest:
 Thou art the balm of life, my soul
 Is faint, O save, O make it whole !

- 12 What in thy love possess I not,
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parched with drought,
 My wine to chear, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God !

- 13 Ah, Love ! thine influence withdrawn,
 What profits me that I was born ?
 All my delight, my joy is gone,
 Nor know I peace till thou return :
 Thee may I seek, till I attain,
 And never may we part again.

- 14 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me viewed :
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued :
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,
 (How wondrous things thy love hath wrought !)
 Still lead me lest I go astray,
 Direct my work, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

- 16 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power :

E.

And

And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And save me who for me hast died.

H Y M N XXXVI.

God's love to Mankind.

- 1 **O** God, of good thé unfathoméd Sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee?
 Who would not love thee with his might?
 O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind
 With all his strength to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shinést with everlasting rays;
 Before thé insufferable blaze
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
 Yet free as air thy bounty streams
 On all thy works, thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive as the sun's arise.
- 3 Astonishéd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow,
 Terrible majesty is thine!
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine!
- 4 High thronéd on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly orderést all that is:
 And yet thou deignést to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee
 Enthronéd, may reign in endless blifs.
- 5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
 From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
 What but thyself canst thou desire?

Yes

Yes : self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart ;
 This, only this dost thou require.

- 6 Primeval Beauty ! in thy fight
 The first-born fairest sons of light
 See all their brightest glories fade :
 What then to me thine eyes could turn,
 In sin conceived, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade ?
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And trembling own the almighty God,
 Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky ;
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die.

- 8 O God, of good the unfathoméd Sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might ?
 O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind
 With all his strength to thee unite ?

H Y M N XXXVII.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands :
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done:
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care:
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove;
 And whatsoe'er thou wilt,
 Thou dost, O King of kings:
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.
- 4 Thou every where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand?
 When all thy children want, thou givest;
 Who, who shall stay thine hand?

Part the Second.

- 5 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd:
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head;
 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms
 He gently clears the way:
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 6 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.

What

What tho' thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

7 Leave to his sovereign sway,
 To chuse and to command;
 So shalt thou wondring own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!
 Far, far above thy thought,
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

8 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee;
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.
 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

1 **P**EACE, doubtful heart, my God's I am;
 Who form'd me man forbids my fear:
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
 The Lord protects, for ever near:
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing thro' the watry deep,
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid;
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head:
 Fearless their violence I dare:
 They cannot harm, for God is there!

- 3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
 And thro' the fire pursue my way;
 The fire forgets his power to burn,
 The lambent flames around me play:
 I own his power, accept the sign,
 And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
 Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
 Shew forth in me thy saving power:
 Still be thy arms my sure defence;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
 (Good as thou art, and strong to save)
 I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Up-borne by the unyielding wave,
 Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair!
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, *Peace, be still.*
- 7 Tho' in affliction's furnace tried,
 Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread:
 Tho' sin assail, and hell thrown wide
 Pour all its flames upon my head;
 Like *Moses'* bush I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish unconsumed in fire.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Wrestling Jacob.

- COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name:
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Tho' every sinew were unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long,
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong:
 And when my all of strength doth fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy mighty hand,
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Part the Second.

8 **Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak;
 But confident in self-despair!
 Speak to my heart, in Messings speak,
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
 And tell me if thy name is Love.

9 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diédst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart:
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure universal Love thou art:
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

10 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Thro' faith I see thee face to face,
 I see thee face to face and live!
 In vain I have not wept or strove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

11 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus the feeble sinner's Friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end:

Thy

Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

- 12 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings ;
Wither'd my nature's strength ; from thee
My soul it's life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above :
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 13 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 14 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding heart fly home,
Thro' all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

H Y M N XL.

To CHRIST.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice !
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd
Thee my soul his own to make.
- 2 Equal with God most high,
He laid his glory by ;
He the eternal God was born,
Man with men he deign'd to' appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
Pleas'd a *servant's* form to wear.

3 Hail,

- 3 Hail, everlasting Lord,
Divine incarnate *Word* !
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim !
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the lovéd *Immanuel's* name.
- 4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised blessing's come ;
Christ, the Fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the *woman's* conquering seed,
Christ, the Saviour, long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 5 Refulgent from afar
See the bright *morning-star* !
See the *day-spring* from on high,
Late in deepest darkness rise !
Night recedes, the shadows fly,
Flame with day the opening skies.
- 6 He shines on earth adoréd,
The *presence of the* Lord ;
God, the mighty God and true,
God by highest heaven confess'd,
Stands displayéd to mortal view,
God, supreme, for ever blest.

Part the Second.

- 7 JESU, to thee I bow,
Thé Almighty's *fellow* thou !
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Pleased he ever is in thee ;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of truth and grace for me.
- 8 High above every name,
Jesus, the great I AM :

Bow

Bow to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

9 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love :
Whom the heavens can not contain,
God vouchsafed a worm to' appear ;
Lord of glory, son of *man*,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

10 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not ;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deemed,
Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

11 Hail, *Galilean King* !
Thy humble state I sing ;
Never shall my triumph end :
Hail, derided Majesty !
Jesus, hail ! the sinner's Friend !
Friend of Publicans—and me.

12 Hail, the life-giving Lord !
Divine, ingrafted Word !
Thee *the life* our souls have found,
Thee *the resurrection* proved :
Dead we heard the quickening sound,
Owned thy voice, believed, and loved.

13 With thee gone up on high,
We live no more to die :
First and last we feel thee now,
Witnessing thy empty tomb,
Alpha and Omega thou
Wast, and art, and art to come.

H Y M N XLI.

To CHRIST.

- 1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain and curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 'Tis done! my God hath died,
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine,
Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood,
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!
- 3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay,
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself the Way,
Melt my hardness into love.
- 4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.
- 5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fixed in love:
Strengthened by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine!
- 6 Ah! give me this to know
With all thy saints below!

Swells

Swells my soul to compass thee,
 Gasps in thee to live and move,
 Filled with all the Deity,
 All immersed and lost in love.

H Y M N XLII.

To CHRIST.

- 1 **S**TILL, O my soul, prolong
 The never-ceasing song,
 Christ my theme, my hope, my joy!
 His be all my happy days,
 Praise my every hour employ,
 Every breath be spent in praise.
- 2 His would I wholly be,
 Who lived and died for me;
 Grief was all his life below,
 Pain, and poverty, and loss;
 Mine the sins, that bruised him so,
 Scourged, and nailed him to the cross.
- 3 He bore the curse of all,
 A spotless criminal;
 Burthened with a world of guilt,
 Blackened with imputed sin,
 Man to save, his blood he spilt,
 Died to make the sinner clean.
- 4 Join earth and heaven to bless
 The Lord our righteousness:
 Mystery of redemption this,
 This the Saviour's strange design;
 Man's offence was counted his,
 Our's is righteousness divine.
- 5 In him complete we shine,
 His life and death is mine:

Fully am I justified,
 Free from sin, and more than free;
 Guiltless, since for me he died;
 Righteous, since he died for me.

- 6 Jesu, to thee I bow,
 Sav'd to the utmost now;
 O the depth of love divine!
 Who thy wisdom's store can tell?
 Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable!

H Y M N XLIII.

To CHRIST the King.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art our King,
 To me thy succour bring!
 Christ the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid:
 This the word; I claim it now,
 Send me now the promised aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down!
 Help, O help! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity!
 King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me.
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee to obey;
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
 This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
 Make, O make my heart thy seat,
 O set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory;

Hell,

Hell, and death, and sin control,
 Pride, self-love, and every foe;
 All subdued; through all my soul,
 Conquering and to conquer go.

H Y M N XLIV.

Invitation of Sinners to Christ.

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free:
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks! and listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
 The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

- 7 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be savéd thro' faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 8 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join!
Savéd is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.
- 9 Murthérsers, and all ye hellish crew,
Ye sons of lust and pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you,
For you the Saviour died.
- 10 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the *Æthiop* white.
- 11 With me, your chief, ye then shall *know*,
Shall *feel* your sins forgiven,
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N XLV.

The Saviour glorified by all.

- 1 **T**HOU, Jesu, art our King,
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Thou art the eternal Light,
Thou shinést in deepest night;

Wondering.

Wond'ring gazéd thé angelic train,
 While thou bowédst the heavens beneath,
 God with God wert man with man,
 Man to save from endless death.

- 3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness borne;
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 Thou with unexampled grace,
 All the mighty debt hast paid,
 Due from *Adam's* helpless race.
- 4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
 God's kingdom fixt below;
 Conqueror of all adverse power,
 Thou heaven's gates hast openéd wide,
 Thou thine own dost lead secure
 In thy cross and by thy side.
- 5 Enthronéd above yon sky
 Thou reignést with God most high:
 Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
 Power supreme to thee be given;
 Thee the righteous Lord of all,
 Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.
- 6 Cherubs and Seraphs join,
 And in thy praise combine:
 All their choirs thy glories sing:
 Who shall dare with thee to vie?
 Mighty Lord, eternal King,
 Sov'reign both of earth and sky.

Part the Second.

- 7 **H**AIL, venerable train,
 Patriarchs, first-born of men:
 Hail, apostles of the Lamb,
 By whose strength ye faithful provéd,
 Join to' extol his sacred name,
 Whom in life and death ye lovéd.

- 8 The church through all her bounds
 With thy high praise resounds;
 Confessors undaunted here,
 Unashamed proclaim their King;
 Children's feeble voices there,
 To thy name hosannas sing.
- 9 'Midst dangers' blackest frown
 Thee hosts of martyrs own:
 Pain and shame alike they dare,
 Firmly, singularly good,
 Glorifying thy cross to bear,
 Till they seal their faith with blood.
- 10 Even heathens feel thy power,
 Thou suffering conqueror!
 Thousand virgins chaste and clean,
 From love's pleasing witchcraft free,
 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Consecrate their hearts to thee.
- 11 Wide earth's remotest bound
 Full of thy praise is found:
 And all heaven's eternal day
 With thy streaming glory flames;
 All thy foes shall melt away
 From the insufferable beams.
- 12 O Lord, O God of love,
 Let us thy mercy prove!
 King of all, with pitying eye,
 Mark the toil, the pangs we feel;
 'Midst the snares of death we lie,
 'Midst the banded powers of hell.
- 13 Arise, stir up thy power,
 Thou deathless conqueror!
 Help us to obtain the prize,
 Help us well to close our race,
 That with thee above the skies
 Endless joys we may possess.

H Y M N XLVI.

*I am determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ,
and him crucified. 1 Cor. ii. 2.*

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atonement victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:

Whither

Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Part the Second.

- 5 **W**HAT tho' all I am is sin,
 Can this prevent my peace?
 Here is blood to wash me clean
 From all unrighteousness :
 This shall wash me white as snow :
 On this for all things I confide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 6 What tho' earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear,
 Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near :
 Suffering faith shall brighter glow,
 As gold when in the furnace tried :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 7 Him to know, is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 8 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove !
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love :
 Fain I would to sinners shew
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 9 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree;
 Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely died for me:
 While I sojourn here below,
 Of nothing will I think beside;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

H Y M N XLVII.

. *The same.*

- 1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness:
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely sav'd by grace:
 Other title I disclaim,
 This, only this is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

- 2 Let the stronger sons of God
 Their liberty assert,
 Justly glory in the blood,
 That made them pure in heart:
 I am full of guilt and shame,
 My heart as black as hell I see:
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

- 3 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him:
 Let them triumph in his Name,
 Enjoy their full felicity:
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me..

- 4 Blest are they, intirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the Bridegroom's voice :
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 5 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need ;
I can not give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead.
To bring fire on earth he came,
O that it now might kindled be !
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 6 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live ;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive :
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
" I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

H Y M N XLVIII.

To CHRIST the Prophet.

- 1 **P**ROPHET on earth bestowed,
A teacher sent from God,
Thee we welcome from above,
Sent the Father to reveal,
Sent to manifest his love,
Sent to teach his perfect will.
- 2 Ah ! give us, Lord, to know
Thine office here below :

Preach

- Preach deliverance to the poor !
Sent for this, O Christ, thou art :
Jesus, all our sickness cure,
Bind thou up the broken heart.
- 3 Publish the joyful year
Of God's acceptance near,
Preach glad tidings to the meek,
Liberty to spirits bound,
Gracious, free redemption speak,
Spread thro' earth the gospel-sound.
- 4 Humbly behold we sit,
And listen at thy feet ;
Never will we hence remove :
Lo ! to thee our souls we bow :
Tell us of the Father's love ;
Speak ; for, Lord, we hear thee now.
- 5 Master, to us reveal
His acceptable will :
Ever for thy law we wait :
Write it in our inward parts ;
Our dark minds illuminate,
Grave thy kindness on our hearts.
- 6 Thou art the truth, the way,
O teach us how to pray ;
Worship spiritual and true
Still instruct us how to give ;
Let us pay the service due,
Let us to God's glory live.

Part the Second,

- 7 **H**OLY and true, The key
Of *David* rests on thee :
Come, Messiah, all things tell,
Make us to salvation wise,
Shut the gates of death and hell,
Open, open Paradise.

8 Witness,

- 8 Witness, within us place
 The Spirit of his grace;
 Teach us inwardly and guide
 By an unction from above,
 Let it in our hearts abide,
 Source of light, and life, and love.
- 9 Pronounce our happy doom,
 And shew us things to come:
 All the depths of love display,
 All the mystery unfold:
 Speak us seal'd to thy great day,
 In thy book of life enroll'd.
- 10 Shepherd, securely keep
 Thy little flock of sheep;
 Call'd and gather'd into one,
 Feed us, in green pastures feed,
 Make us quietly lie down,
 By the streams of comfort lead.
- 11 Thou, even thou, art he,
 Whom pain and sorrow flee;
 Comforter of all that mourn,
 Let us by thy guidance come,
 Crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our everlasting home.

H Y M N XLIX.

CHRIST protecting and sanctifying.

- 1 **O** Jesu, Source of calm repose,
 Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
 Fairest among ten thousand fair,
 Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
 Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
 Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence

- 2 Effulgence of the Light divine,
 Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
 Ere time its ceaseless course began ;
 Thou when the appointed time was come,
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
 But God with God wert man with man.
- 3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,
 Thou by thy dying death hast slain,
 My great Deliverer and my God ;
 In vain does the old dragon rage,
 In vain all hell its powers engage ;
 None can withstand thy conquering blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
 Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
 To thy dread scepter, lo ! I bow ;
 With dutious reverence at thy feet,
 Like humble Mary, lo ! I fit,
 Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
 Lowly and gentle may I be,
 No charms but these to thee are dear ;
 No anger mayst thou ever find,
 No pride in my unruffled mind,
 But faith and heaven-born peace be there.
- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
 Which, life and all things cast behind,
 Springs forth obedient to thy call,
 An heart which no desire can move,
 But still to' adore, believe, and love,
 Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

H Y M N L.

A Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O** Heavenly King, look down from above,
Afflict us to sing thy mercy and love :
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow thy Name,
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim ;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace ;
The living, the living shall shew forth thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou :
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy !
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we employ.
- 4 But O ! above all thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race ;
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.
- 5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice ;
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore
For ever and ever when time is no more.

H Y M N LI.

Another.

- 1 **O** What shall I do My Saviour to praise ?
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace ?
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakest believer That hangs upon him ?
- 2 How

- 2 How happy the man, Whose heart is set free:
The people, that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy Name,
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord Is now my defence,
I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence,
Since I have found favour, He all things will do,
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N LII.

Another.

- 1 **O** God of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise thee as I would,
But thou art merciful and good;
I know thou never wilt despise

The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

- 3 A vile backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,
Yet still by sovereign grace I live:
Saviour, to thee I still look up,
I see an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulness to receive.
- 4 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purg'd away!
The night of fears and doubts is past,
The Morning-star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.
- 5 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserv'd from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim;
Safety and strength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.
- 6 By faith I every moment stand;
Strangely upheld by thy right hand,
I my own wickedness eschew:
A sinner, I am kept from sin,
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

Part the Second.

- 7 **I** Thank thee whose atoning blood
Each moment intercedes with God,
Sprinkling my every word and thought:
God hears thy blood for mercy cry,
And passes all my follies by;
He sees, but he imputes them not.

- 8 I sin in every breath I draw,
 Nor do thy will, nor keep thy law
 On earth, as angels do above ;
 But still the fountain open stands,
 Washes my feet, my head, my hands,
 Till I am perfected in love.
- 9 Come then, and loose my stammring tongue,
 Teach me the new, the gospel-song,
 And perfect in a babe thy praise :
 I want a thousand lives to' employ
 In publishing the sounds of joy,
 The gospel of thy pardoning grace.
- 10 Come, Lord, thy spirit bids thee come,
 Give me thyself, and take me home ;
 Be now the glorious earnest given !
 The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
 Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
 Be done on earth as 'tis in heaven.

H Y M N LIII.

To the TRINITY.

- 1 **G**OD of unexhausted grace,
 Of everlasting love,
 Overpowered before thy face
 I fall and dare not move :
 What hast thou for sinners done,
 For so poor a worm as me ?
 Thou hast given thine only Son,
 To bring us back to thee.
- 2 Suff'ring, sin-atoning God,
 Thy hallow'd Name I blefs,
 Jesus, lavish of thy blood,
 To buy the sinner's peace !

Gushing from thy sacred veins,
 Let it now my soul o'erflow,
 Purge out all my sinful stains,
 And wash me white as snow.

3 Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 The life of Jesus breathe ;
 The deep things of God reveal,
 Apply my Saviour's death ;
 With the Father and the Son
 Soon as one in thee I am,
 All my nature shall make known
 The glories of the Lamb.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore,
 Join with the triumphant host
 Who praise thee evermore :
 Live by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and One in Three ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee.

H Y M N LIV.

The good Fight.

1 **O**Mnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
 Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring ;
 Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,
 Now, now let me find thee almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
 To thee I look up for certain relief ;
 I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
 Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand ;
 But thou art my power, and holdest my hand :
 While

While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel;
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

- 4 O who can explain this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife?
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and
war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.
- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood;
His foes overturning, till all shall expire:
But this is with burning, and fuel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,
My Jesus's love the battle shall win:
So terribly glorious his coming shall be,
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break thro', his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,
Thro' floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely,
All evil before his presence shall fly;
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N LV.

Recovery after a Relapse.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know,
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch

- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge mine iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part with thee.
- 3 Behold for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.
- 4 Thy wrath is in a moment o'er,
And pardoning love takes place:
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 5 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted love!
- 6 My humbled soul when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 7 I loath myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall,
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ is all in all.

H Y M N LVI.

In Doubt.

- 1 **M**Y God, I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have be lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When

- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me,
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.
- 4 Jesu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad :
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdued,
(Mine own unconquerable sin)
And form my soul anew.
- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Softens, and melts, and pierce, and break
An adamant heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come !
- 9 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While entered into rest,
I only live my God to' admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

- 12 My stedfast soul from falling free,
Can now no longer rove,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

H Y M N LVII.

A Prayer for restoring Grace.

- 1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray,
From my debt of sin let clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 Tho' my sins as mountains rise,
And swell, and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sins increase;
But greater is thy mercy's store:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
An hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel the softning power:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 4 From the oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free,
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity;

Speak,

Speak, and all this war shall cease,
 And sin shall give its raging o'er:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 5 For this only thing I pray,
 And this I will require,
 Take the power of sin away,
 Fill me with chaste desire:
 Perfect me in holiness,
 Thine image to my soul restore,
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

H Y M N LVIII.

After a Recovery.

- 1 SON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up,
 Called me still to seek thy face,
 And given me back my hope;
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness shew;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
 In fore temptation's hour,
 Save me with thine out-stretched hand,
 And shew forth all thy power:
 O be mindful of thy word,
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near
 With speedy care depart:

Sin

Sin be more than hell abhorred,
 Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
 My exceeding great reward
 In heaven above and earth below ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

5 Never let me go, till I,
 Upborne on wings of love,
 Gain the regions of the sky,
 And take my seat above ;
 See thee by all heaven adored,
 And all thy glorious fulness know :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

H Y M N LIX.

In Danger.

1 **O** Almighty God of love,
 Thine holy arm display ;
 Send me succour from above
 In this my evil day :
 Arm my weakness with thy power,
 Woman's Seed, appear within,
 Be my safe-guard and my tower
 Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
 And always feel thee near,
 Stedfastly, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear.

Nothing

Nothing should my firmness shock ;
 Though the gates of hell assail,
 Were I built upon the rock,
 They never could prevail.

- 3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade ;
 Let it over me be cast,
 And screen my naked head :
 Save me from the trying hour,
 Thou my sure protection be ;
 Shelter me from Satan's power,
 Till I am fixed on thee.
- 4 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand,
 From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thine hand :
 Let me in the cleft be placéd,
 Never from my fence remove,
 In thine arms of love embracéd,
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N LX.

A Prayer for confirming Grace.

- 1 IF now I have acceptance found
 With thee, or favour in thy sight,
 With thine omnipotence surround,
 And arm me with thy Spirit's might.
- 2 O may I hear his warning voice,
 And timely fly from danger near,
 With reverence unto thee rejoice,
 And love thee with a filial fear.
- 3 Still hold my soul in second life,
 And suffer not my feet to slide ;
 Support me in the glorious strife,
 And comfort me on every side.

H

4 O give

- 4 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
That stays, and waits, and hangs on thee.
- 5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,
And bring me to the promised land,
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command :
- 6 A land, where milk and honey flow,
And springs of pure delights arise ;
Delights, which I shall shortly know !
I shall regain my paradise.
- 7 I see it now from *Pisgah's* top,
Pleasant, and beautiful, and good :
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the purchase of thy blood.
- 8 Of righteousness divine possess,
O let me grasp the prize so nigh,
Enter into the promised rest,
Enjoy thy perfect love, and die.

H Y M N LXI.

Watch in all things. 2 Tim. iv. 5.

- 1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings !
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings ;
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

4 When

- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
"Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesu, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way; my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out thy gracious hand;
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand.

Part the Second.

- 8 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
My utter helplessness reveal:
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 9 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.
- 10 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 11 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

- 12 My whole regard still may I place
On the faint ray of opening light,
(The sure prophetic word of grace,)
That glimmers thro' my nature's night.
- 13 Here let my soul's sure anchor be,
Here let me fix my wishful eyes,
And wait, till I exult to see
The Day-star in my heart arise.
- 14 Jesu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
As I believe, so let it be,
O make me patient to the end,
And then reveal thyself in me.

H Y M N LXII.

And a Man shall be as a Hiding-place, &c.
Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be my refuge, and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace:
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends it's shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin:

O how

O how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and Last, in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
And bring the Father's anger down;
Screen me, Jesu, from the heat
And terror of his frown.

5 Let thy merit as a cloud
Still interpose between:
Plead the atonement of thy blood,
Till I am cleansed from sin:
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

6 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Filled me with thy righteousness,
And sealed the heir of heaven:
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Hath spoke me up to thee.

H Y M N LXIII.

A poor Sinner.

1 **J**ESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

H 3

Give

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do:
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me:
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Part the Second.

5 **I** Want an heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
But never, never faint.

6 I want

6. I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 (Unmov'd by threatening or reward,)
 To thee and thy great Name ;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise,
 A pure desire that all may learn,
 And glorify thy grace.

7. I want with all my heart,
 Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will :
 I want I know not what,
 I want my wants to see ;
 I want—alas ! what want I not,
 When thou art not in me !

H Y M N LXIV.

Thanksgiving for preserving Grace.

1 **L** ORD, and am I yet alive ?
 Not in torments, not in hell ?
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive ?
 With the chief of sinners dwell ?
 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair,
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still to call thee mine I dare.

2 O the length and breadth of love !
 Jesu, Saviour, can it be ?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All the depth is seen in me.
 O the miracle of grace !
 Tell it out, to sinners tell !
 Men, and fiends, and angels gaze,
 I am, I am out of hell.

- 3 Turn aside, a sight to' admire,
 I the living wonder am !
 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsumed amidst the flame !
 See a stone that hangs in air !
 See a spark in ocean dwell !
 Kept alive with death so near ;
 I am, I am out of hell !

H Y M N LXV.

Desiring to love.

- 1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
 In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see my God ;
 Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
 Handle and taste the word of life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 I shall not always make my moan,
 Nor worship thee a God unknown,
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
 Of all-redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow :
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest :
 There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

5 O that

- 5 O that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side *Jordan* stop,
 But now the land possess;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 An howling wilderness.
- 6 Now, O my *Joshua*, bring me in,
 Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove;
 The purchase of thy death divide,
 And O with all the sanctified
 Give me a lot of love!

H Y M N LXVI.

Fight the good Fight of Faith. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

- 1 JESU, my King, to thee I bow,
 Inlisted under thy command;
 Captain of my salvation, thou
 Shalt lead me to the promised land.
- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
 The staff from off my shoulder broke,
 Out of the house of bondage brought,
 And freed me from the *Egyptian* yoke.
- 3 Thine out-stretched arm was bared for me,
 For me by earth and hell pursued:
 Thine out-stretched arm thro' the *Red Sea*
 Brought, and baptized me in thy blood.
- 4 O'er the vast howling wilderness
 To *Canaan's* bounds thou hast me led;
 Thou bidst me now the land possess,
 And on thy milk and honey feed.
- 5 I see an open door of hope,
 (Legions of sins in vain oppose,)
 Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
 And triumph o'er a world of foes.

6 Gigantic

- 6 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break thro';
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Thro' Jesus I can all things do.
- 7 Lo! the tall sons of *Anak* rise!
Who can the sons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And lo, they fall beneath my feet!
- 8 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering them to conquer go.
- 9 My Lord in my behalf appears;
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 10 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might, and majesty are thine.

Part the Second.

- 11 **J**ESU, my soul takes hold on thee,
I arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Humbly assured of victory,
I underneath thy banner fight.
- 12 Thy Spirit lifts the standard up,
When as a flood the foe comes in;
I see the cross, hold fast my hope,
Believe, and more than conquer sin.
- 13 With holy indignation fill'd,
When by the prince of hell withstood,
Firm I resist, I grasp my shield,
And quench his fiery darts with blood.
- 14 Single,

- 14 Single, a thousand foes I chase,
I turn and blast them with mine eyes :
Trembles the world before my face,
Their god with all his legions flies.
- 15 Having done all, by faith I stand,
And give the praise, O Lord, to thee ;
Thine holy arm, thine own right hand,
Hath got thyself the victory.
- 16 Wherefore to thee my soul I raise,
My soul in thee securely boasts,
Exults, and glories in thy praise,
And triumphs in the Lord of hosts.
- 17 Wisdom, and power, and strength, and might,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive ;
Honour and riches are thy right,
And blessings more than earth can give.
- 18 Help us to praise our glorious King,
Ye church of the first-born above,
Let angels and archangels sing
The triumphs of all-conquering love.
- 19 Let earth and all her fulness still
Rejoice his greatness to proclaim,
And everlasting praises fill
The heaven of heavens with Jesu's name.

H Y M N LXVII.

Look unto me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth.
Isaiah xlv. 22.

- 1 SINNERS, your Saviour see,
O look ye unto me!
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race,
I, the gracious God and true,
I am full of truth and grace,
Full of truth and grace for you.

2 Look,

- 2 Look, and be savéd from sin,
Believe, and be ye clean !
Guilty, labouring souls, draw nigh,
See the fountain openéd wide,
To the wounds of Jesus fly,
Bathe ye in my bleeding side.
- 3 Ah ! dear, redeeming Lord,
We take thee at thy word :
Lo, to thee we ever look,
Freely savéd by grace alone :
Thou our sins and curse hast took,
Thou for us didst once atone.
- 4 We now the writing see,
Nailéd to the cross with thee ;
With thy mangled body torn,
Blotted out by Blood divine,
Far away the bond is borne ;
Thou art ours, and we are thine.
- 5 On thee we fix our eyes,
And wait for fresh supplies ;
Justified we ask for more,
Give, the abiding witness give :
Lord, thine image here restore,
Fully in thy members live.

Part the Second.

- 6 **A**UTHOR of faith, appear,
Be thou its finisher ;
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp divine ;
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory shine.
- 7 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own :

Let us all thy goodness prove,
 Let us to the end believe;
 Shew thine everlasting love,
 Save us, to the utmost save.

8 O that our life might be
 One looking up to thee;
 Ever hastening to the day,
 When our eyes shall see thee near!
 Come, Redeemer, come away,
 Glorious in thy saints appear!

9 Jesu, the heavens bow;
 We long to meet thee now:
 Now in majesty come down,
 Pity thine elect and come;
 Hear us in thy spirit groan,
 Take the weary exiles home.

10 Now let thy face be seen
 Without a veil between:
 Come, and change our faith to sight,
 Swallow up mortality,
 Plunge us in a sea of light;
 Christ be all in all to me.

H Y M N LXVIII.

The Believer's Triumph.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress:
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayéd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolvéd thro' these I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

- 3 The deadly writing now I see,
Nailéd with thy body to the tree ;
Torn with the nails, that piercéd thy hands,
Thé old covenant no longer stands.
- 4 Tho' signéd and written with thy blood,
As hell's foundation sure it stood ;
Thine hath washéd out the crimson stains,
And white as snow my soul remains.
- 5 Satan, thy due reward survey ;
The Lord of life why didst thou slay ?
To tear the prey out of thy teeth,
To spoil the realms of hell and death.
- 6 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me to' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 7 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul was shed.
- 8 Yet nought whereof to boast I have,
All, all thy mercy freely gave ;
No works, no righteousness are mine,
All is thy work, and only thine.

Part the Second.

- 9 **W**HEN from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath livéd, hath died for me.
- 10 Thus *Abraham* the friend of God,
Thus all heavens's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of finners, thee proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 11 Naked from *Satan* did I flee
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee :
And thus adorned I wait the word,
“ He comes ; arise, and meet thy Lord ! ”
- 12 Then shall heaven’s host with loud acclaim
Give praise and glory to the Lamb,
Who bore our sins, and by his blood
Hath made us kings and priests to God.
- 13 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 14 Ah, give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy quickning word,
That all, who to thy wounds shall flee,
May find eternal life in thee.
- 15 Thou God of might, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove ;
Now let thy word o’er all prevail,
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 16 O bid the dead now hear thy voice ;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness !

H Y M N LXIX.

*Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us
from ALL Iniquity. Titus ii. 14.*

- 1 JESU, Redeemer of mankind,
How little art thou known
By sinners of a carnal mind,
Who claim thee for their own ?

I 2

2 Who

- 2 Who blasphemously call thee Lord,
With lips and hearts unclean,
But make thee, while they slight thy word,
The minister of sin?
- 3 Who madly plead for sin's remains;
While full of slavish fears,
They *fancy* thou hast purged their *stains*,
And falsely call thee their's?
- 4 O wretched man, who dares divide
The pardon and the peace!
In vain for thee the Saviour died,
Unless he seals thee his.
- 5 O wretched man, from guilt to dream
Thy hardened conscience freed!
When Jesus doth a soul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.
- 6 The guilt and power with all thy art
Can never be disjoined;
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,
And leave the power behind.
- 7 Faith when it comes, breaks every chain,
And makes us truly free;
But Christ hath died for thee in vain,
Unless he lives in thee.
- 8 What is redemption in his blood,
But liberty within?
A liberty to serve my God,
And to eschew my sin?
- 9 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.
- 10 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

H Y M N LXX.

Rejoicing in Hope. Rom. xii. 12.

- 1 **Y**E happy sinners, hear
The prisoner of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear
According to his word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our righteousness
We have long since received :
Salvation nearer is,
Than when we first believed :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near :
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 6 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

H Y M N LXXI.

Isaiah, Chap. xii.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel-grace :
Thee, my Lord, (thou then shalt say)
Thee will I for ever praise.
- 2 Tho' thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again :
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.
- 3 Me, behold ! thy mercy spares !
Jesus my salvation is,
Hence my doubts, away my fears ;
Jesus is become my peace.
- 4 Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just :
I will lean upon his word,
I will on his promise trust.
- 5 Strong I am, for he is strong,
Just thro' righteousness divine,
He is my triumphal song,
All he has, and is, is mine.
- 6 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from salvation's well,
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.

- 7 Each to each, ye then shall say,
 Sinners, call upon his Name :
 O rejoice to see his day ;
 See it, and his praise proclaim.
- 8 Glory to his Name belongs,
 Great, and wonderful, and high :
 Sing unto the Lord your songs,
 Cry, to every nation cry.
- 9 Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
 Excellent his Name we find :
 This to all mankind is known :
 Be it known to all mankind.
- 10 *Sion* shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's Holy One is he !
 Give him thanks, rejoice and sing,
 Great he is, and dwells in thee.
- 11 O the grace unfearchable !
 While eternal ages roll,
 God delights in man to dwell,
 Soul of each believing soul.

H Y M N LXXII.

He that believeth, shall not make haste. *Isaiah xxviii. 16.*

- 1 **W**ITNESS divinē, the just and true,
 Jesus, to us the promise seal,
 Our haste of unbelief subdue,
 And bid our fluttering hearts be still.
- 2 That power which stopp'd the mid-day sun,
 Turn'd back the tide, and chain'd the sea,
 Be in our rapid spirits shewn,
 And make us truly wait on thee.

3 Arrest

- 3 Arrest our nature's head-strong course,
(We would be poor, despised, forlorn)
Baffle our skill, unnerve our force,
Our carnal confidence o'erturn.
- 4 Great Helper of the friendless thou,
Thou strengthener of the feeble knees,
O let our souls before thee bow,
And sink into a sweet distress.
- 5 We cannot see without thy light,
Without thy light we *would* not see:
We have no wisdom, help, or might,
But, Lord, our eyes are unto thee.
- 6 O let us not presume to take
The matter out of thy great hand:
Who can the Rock of ages shake?
The sure foundation still shall stand.
- 7 Let others rush with trembling haste,
With eager wrath thy cause defend;
Our soul is on thy promise cast,
And lo! we calmly wait the end.
- 8 Tho' we our hands do not lift up,
The tottering ark shall never fall;
It never shall to *Dagon* stoop:
Thy kingdom ruleth over all.
- 9 Stedfast our anchor is, and sure,
It enters now within the veil;
Thy church immoveably secure,
Defies the powers of earth and hell.

Part the Second.

- 10 **C**OME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known:
The mind which was in thee impart,
Thy constant mind in us be shewn.

- 11 From anger set our spirits free ;
It worketh not thy righteoufness :
In patience let us wait on thee,
And quietly our souls possess.
- 12 Jesu, to whose supreme command
All things in heaven, earth, hell, submit,
Upon us lay thy mighty hand,
And sin shall sink beneath thy feet.
- 13 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.
- 14 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.
- 15 Lift up and fix our stedfast eye
On thee the Father's favourite Son,
Thee our great King, gone up on high,
Firm on thine everlasting throne.
- 16 Tho' earth and hell thy rule oppose,
The Lord is King, Messiah reigns !
Till *Satan*, sin, and all thy foes,
And death, the last of all, be slain.
- 17 Jesu, for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near !
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear !

Part the Third.

- 18 **U**Nchangeable, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay,
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

19 O let

- 19 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood,
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.
- 20 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind,
Tame the old *Adam* in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.
- 21 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and Him crucified.
- 22 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the Spirit of thy love.
- 23 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.
- 24 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.
- 25 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's Name declare,
Unite, and perfect us in one.
- 26 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Part the Fourth.

- 27 **T**HE Lord is King, and earth submits,
 Howe'er impatient, to his sway ;
 Between the cherubim he sits,
 And makes his restless foes obey.
- 28 All power is to our Jesus given,
 O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns ;
 He mildly rules the hosts of heaven ;
 He holds the powers of hell in chains.
- 29 In vain doth *Satan* rage his hour,
 Beyond his chain he cannot go ;
 Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
 And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 30 Jesus shall his great arm reveal,
 Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed ;
 Tho' now the serpent bruise his heel,
 Jesus shall bruise the serpent's head.
- 31 The enemy his tares hath sown,
 But Christ shall shortly root them up,
 Shall cast the dire accuser down,
 And disappoint his children's hope :
- 32 Shall still the proud *Philistine's* noise,
 Baffle the sons of unbelief,
 Nor long permit them to rejoice,
 But turn their triumph into grief.
- 33 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,
 Scatter thy foes, victorious King,
 And *Gath* and *Askelon* shall mourn,
 And all the sons of God shall sing ;
- 34 Shall magnify the sov'reign grace
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And earth and heaven conspire to praise
 Jehovah and his conquering Son.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Unto the Angel of the Church of Ephesus.
Rev. ii. 1, &c.

- 1 **O** Thou who dost the churches bear,
The stars in thy right-hand uphold,
Who walkest now with jealous care
Amidst the candlesticks of gold;
- 2 Poor, guilty, abject worms, to thee
In our declining state we call;
See, thy degenerate people see,
Nor let our tottering *Sion* fall.
- 3 Our works of faith thou once didst know,
Our patient hope, and labouring love;
We would not bear the *Romish* foe,
We dared that antichrist reprove.
- 4 We tried him by the written word,
Thro' all his snares and fetters broke,
As *Satan's Successor* abhorred,
And cast away his iron yoke.
- 5 Him and his god, and sin, and death,
We more than conquered thro' thy Name;
The witnesses resigned their breath,
And clapped their hands amidst the flame.
- 6 For their dear suffering Saviour's sake,
Immoveable the champions stood,
Nor fainted at the rack, or stake,
But watered all the church with blood.
- 7 Yet, O how quickly, Lord, hast thou,
Whereof thy people to reprove!
Fallen, alas! thou seest us now,
We now have left our former love.

- 8 Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our shipwreckéd faith is dead;
No more our tokens we behold,
Our martyrs all to heaven are fled.
- 9 O could we call to mind the grace,
The glorious grace from which we fell;
Live o'er again the ancient days,
And do the work thou lovést so well!
- 10 O that we might thro' thee repent,
And timely turn to thee, and live!
So shall thy grace our doom prevent;
Thou wouldst abundantly forgive.
- 11 Before thou dost in vengeance come,
Our candlestick far off remove,
And fix thè unalterable doom,
O let us weep, believe, and love.
- 12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,
Yet once again our church restore;
Shew us thy grace is over all,
And lift us up to fall no more.

H Y M N LXXIV.

To the Angel of the Church of Sardis. Rev. iii. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 **O** Thou whose eyes run to and fro
Thro' earth, and every creature see,
What is it which thou dost not know?
All things are manifest to thee.
- 2 'Thou hast the Spirits, seven and one,
Thou hast the stars in thy right hand,
And all our works to thee are known:
How shall we in thy judgment stand!

K

3 Thou

- 3 Thou knowest we take thy Name in vain,
While dead in trespasses we live;
Thee for our Lord we falsely claim,
While to the world our hearts we give.
- 4 A powerless form, a lifeless sound,
Our works as vanity are light:
Wanting, alas! they all are found,
And worse than nothing in thy sight.
- 5 O that we now might turn again,
And cherish the last spark of grace,
Strengthen the things that yet remain,
And call to mind the ancient days.
- 6 Surely we did thy faith receive,
We heard with joy the gospel-word:
O let us now repent and live,
And watch to apprehend our Lord:
- 7 Stir ourselves up, renounce our ease,
Before thy sudden judgment come,
And watch, and pray, and never cease,
Till thou repeal our threatening doom.

H Y M N LXXV.

Unto the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans.
Rev. iii. 14, &c.

- 1 **A** MEN to all that God hath said!
Witness divine, the just and true,
Who wast before the worlds were made,
Whose Being no beginning knew:
- 2 With guilty self-condemning fear,
With humble self-abasing shame,
Thy Spirit's dreadful charge we hear,
Nor dare throw off the imputed blame.

- 3 God of unspotted purity,
Us, and our works canst thou behold?
Justly we are abhorred by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.
- 4 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey:
In soft *Laodicean* ease
We sleep our useless lives away.
- 5 We live in pleasure, and are dead;
In search of fame and wealth we live;
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We sometimes seek, but never strive.
- 6 A lifeless form we still retain,
Of this we make our empty boast:
Nor know the Name we take in vain,
The power of godliness is lost.
- 7 The power we daringly deny,
A fancied good, a madman's dream;
The truth itself we deem a lie;
The promised Holy Ghost blaspheme.
- 8 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel-light.
- 9 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven thro' saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight, and mock thee to thy face.
- 10 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal,
Less guilty, if with those of old
We worshipp'd *Thor* and *Woden* still.

- 11 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who cast our shield away,
And trample on thy richer love.

Part the Second.

- 12 **Y**ET still we glory in thy Name,
O Christ, as tho' we knew thy grace :
Thee with unhallowéd lips we claim,
A lukewarm, worse than heathen race.
- 13 We say, that we with goods abound,
Are rich and full, and need no more,
Nor know that we are wretched found
With thee, and bare, and blind, and poor.
- 14 O let us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have deny,
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy;
- 15 Gold, that can bear the fiery test,
And make the buyer rich indeed;
Adorn us in the milk-white vest,
And over us thy mantle spread.
- 16 When this unspotted robe we wear,
Our sins are coveréd all by thee,
No longer doth our shame appear;
Salvation in thy light we see.
- 17 Touchéd by an unction from above,
Our eyes are openéd to perceive
The mystéry of redeeming love,
The death by which alone we live.
- 18 O might we thro' thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove,
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love.
- 19 O might

- 19 O might we see in this our day
 The things belonging to our peace,
 And timely meet thee in thy way
 Of judgments, and our sins confess:
- 20 Thy fatherly chastisements own,
 With filial awe revere the rod,
 And turn with zealous haste, and run
 Into the out-stretched arms of God!

Part the Third.

- 21 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
 And own thee faithful to thy word;
 We hear thy voice, and open now
 Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 22 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest;
 Delight in what thyself hast given;
 On thine own gifts and graces feast,
 And make the contrite heart thy heaven.
- 23 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
 Our sacrifice of praise approve,
 And treasure up our gracious tears,
 That rest in thy redeeming love.
- 24 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
 Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
 And bid us freely drink and eat
 Thy dainties and be satisfied.
- 25 O let us on thy fulness feed,
 And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood;
 Jesu, thy blood is drink indeed,
 Jesu, thy flesh is angel's food.
- 26 The heavenly manna faith imparts;
 Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
 We feed upon thee in our hearts,
 And find that heaven and thou are one.

- 27 An heaven begun on earth we feel,
 Who conquer in the glorious strife;
 And pass o'er sin, and earth, and hell,
 Triumphant to eternal life.
- 28 The fulness of eternal bliss
 We shall from thee receive above:
 This the reward of conquest, this
 The crown of all-victorious love.
- 29 Conqueror of sin, and hell, and death,
 As thou the dreadful fight hast won,
 And wearest now the immortal wreath,
 And sittest on thy Father's throne;
- 30 So shalt thou grant to all that fight
 And conquer in thy mighty Name,
 To claim the kingdom as their right,
 Their sufferings and their crown the same.
- 31 Who bear thy cross, shall wear thy crown,
 Shall triumph in thy victory,
 And on thy glorious throne sit down,
 And reign in endless bliss with thee.

H Y M N LXXVI.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 **O** Joyful sound of gospel-grace!
 Christ shall in me appear,
 I, even I, shall see his face;
 I shall be holy here.
 This heart shall be his constant home,
 I hear his Spirit's cry:
 Surely he saith, I quickly come,
 He saith, who cannot lie.

2 The

- 2 The God of truth himself hath sworn,
On him my soul relies ;
My soul on wings of eagles borne,
Shall fly and take the prize:
The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view,
Conqueror thro' him I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land from *Pisgah's* top
I now exult to see,
My hope is full, (O blessed hope)
Of immortality :
My fluttering spirit fatigues my breast,
And swells and spreads abroad,
And pants for everlasting rest,
And struggles into God.
- 4 I feel and know him now in part,
His love my heart constrains,
His near approach expands my heart,
And fills with pleasing pains.
He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home :
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come!
- 5 With me I know, I feel thou art ;
But this can not suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void,
Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God.

Fulfil,

Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

H Y M N LXXVII.

A Prayer for Persons joined in Fellowship.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee our living head
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXVIII.

The same.

- 1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptize into thy Name,
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touchéd by the load stone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever tow'rd each other move,
And ever move tow'rd thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably joinéd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
Which was in thee receive.
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity;
O let us still, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

8 With

- 8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
 Into their paradise,
And thence on wings of angels ride,
 Triumphant thro' the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Entering into the Congregation.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of Life, to all below
 Let thy salvation roll,
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take :
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word
 For thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.
- 4 The Well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood :
Wafted by thee, with willing heart
 We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
 Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
 Our God, our all in all.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXX.

Waiting for the Promise. John xiv. 16, 17.

1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood.
Give us that for which he prays,
Father glorify thy Son;
Shew his truth, his power, and grace,
And send THE PROMISE down!

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give:
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart,
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The Gift of Jesus, Come!
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room.
Present *with* us, thee we feel:
Come, O come, and *in* us be,
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Little Children, love one another.

1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
Extinguished with thy blood.

2 Rebuke

- 2 Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,
Our stubborn wills controul;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love the old *Adam* bind,
And melt him into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 5 O let thy love our hearts constrain!
Jesu the crucified,
What hast thou done our hearts to gain?
Languished, and groaned, and died!
- 6 Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?
- 7 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills controul,
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 8 Thee let us feel benignly near
In all thy softning powers;
The sounding of thy bowels hear,
And answer thee with ours.
- 9 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
" See how these Christians love!"

H Y M N LXXXII.

At the Parting of Christian Friends,

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
Which will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joinéd in heart :
- 2 Joinéd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his works below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belovéd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 While thus we walk with Christ in light,
What shall our souls disjoin ?
Souls which himself vouchsafes to' unite
In fellowship divine.
- 6 We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree ;
In him, the One, the Truth, we live,
Blest Point of unity !
- 7 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

L

8 But

- 8 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Love-Feast.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine :
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord :
Hands and hearts and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days :
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's Name,
Now as yesterday the same,
One in every age and place,
Full for all of truth and grace.
We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land,
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesu's witnesses:
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified :

Christ

Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quickning Spirit breathe,
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 (Thither all our wishes fly ;)
 Sits at God's right hand above,
 There with him we reign in love.

Part the Second.

5 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord,
 Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
 Humbly stoop to earth again,
 Come, and visit abject man :
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast ;
 For thyself our hearts prepare ;
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.

6 Jesu, we the promise claim,
 We are met in thy great Name :
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here :
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace :
 Thou thyself within us move,
 Make our feast a feast of love.

7 Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let us in thy bowels sound !
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness :
 Plant in us thy humble mind ;
 Patient, pitiful and kind ;
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

8 Make us all in thee complete,
 Make us all for glory meet :
 Meet to' appear before thy fight,
 Partners with the saints in light.

Call, O call us each by name
 To the marriage of the Lamb ;
 Let us lean upon thy breast,
 Love be there our endless feast.

Part the Third.

- 9 **L**ET us join ; ('tis God commands)
 Let us join our hearts and hands,
 Help to gain our calling's hope,
 Build we each the other up.
 God his blessings shall dispense,
 God shall crown his ordinance,
 Meet in his appointed ways,
 Nourish us with social grace.
- 10 Let us then as brethren love,
 Faithfully his gifts improve,
 Carry on the earnest strife,
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Still forget the things behind,
 Follow Christ in heart and mind,
 Tow'rs the mark unwearied press,
 Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 11 Plead we thus for *faith alone*,
 Faith which by our works is shewn ;
 God it is who justifies,
 Only faith his blood applies :
 Active faith that lives within,
 Conquers hell, and death, and sin,
 Sanctifies and makes us whole,
 Forms the Saviour in the soul.
- 12 Let us for this faith contend,
 Sure salvation is its end,
 Heaven already is begun,
 Everlasting life is won ;
 Only let us persevere,
 Till we see our Lord appear,
 Never from the rock remove,
 Saved by faith which works by love.

Part the Fourth.

- 13 **P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
 Lift your hearts and voices up,
 Jointly let us rise and sing
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King :
 Monuments of Jesu's grace,
 Speak we by our lives his praise ;
 Walk in him we have received,
 Shew we not in vain believed.
- 14 While we walk with God in light,
 God our hearts doth still unite,
 Dearest fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship of Jesu's love ;
 Sweetly each with each combinéd,
 In the bonds of duty joinéd,
 Feels the cleansing blood applied,
 Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 15 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee the unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for thee ;
 Every vile affection kill,
 Root out every seed of ill,
 Utterly abolish sin,
 Write thy law of love within.
- 16 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know :
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee :
 Love, thine image love impart ;
 Stamp it on our face and heart :
 Only love to us be given ;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The Communion of Saints.

1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent prayer :
 Hear and our petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel :
 Mystically one with thee ;
 Transcript of the Trinity ;
 Thee let all our nature own,
 One in Three, and Three in One.

2 If we now begin to be
 Partners with thy saints and thee,
 If we have our sins forgiven,
 Fellow-citizens of heaven ;
 Still the fellowship increase,
 Knit us in the bond of peace,
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Build us in one body up,
 Called in one high calling's hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim,
 One the pure baptismal flame :
 One the faith and common Lord ;
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, through, and in us all,
 God incomprehensible :

4 One with God, the Source of bliss,
 Ground of our communion this :
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thine emanations flow,
 Rise eternal in our heart :
 Thou our long-sought *Eden* art !
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what *Adam* lost.

Part the Second.

5 **O** THER ground can no man lay,
 Jesus takes our sins away !
 Jesus the foundation is,
 This shall stand, and only this :
 Fitly fram'd in him we are,
 All the building rises fair,
 Let it to a temple rise,
 Worthy him who fills the skies.

6 Husband of thy church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in love,
 Always let us faithful prove ;
 Never rob thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part ;
 Only thou possesse the whole,
 Take our body, spirit, soul.

7 Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic union be,
 Union to the world unknown !
 Join'd to God in spirit one :
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home,
 For his heaven the bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.

Part the Third.

John xvii. 20, &c.

8 **C** HRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
 Be thou in thy Spirit nigh ;
 Advocate with God, give ear
 To thine own effectual prayer ;

Hear

Hear the sounds thou once didst breathe,
In thy days of flesh beneath :
Now, O Jesus, let them be
Strongly echoéd back to thee !

- 9 We, O Christ, have thee receivéd,
Have the gospel-word believéd ;
Justly then we claim a share
In thine everlasting prayer.
One the Father is with thee,
Knit us in like unity ;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One as Thou and He are one.
- 10 Thee he lovéd ere time begun,
Thee, the co-eternal Son :
He hath to thy merit given
Us thé adopted heirs of heaven.
Thou hast willéd that we should rise,
See thy glory in the skies ;
See thee by all heaven adoréd,
Be for ever with our Lord.
- 11 Thou the Father see'st alone,
Thou to us hast made him known ;
Sent from him we know thou art,
We have found thee in our heart.
Thou the Father hast declaréd :
He is here our great reward ;
Our's his Nature and his Name :
Thou art our's, with him the same.
- 12 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)
Still to us his Name declare ;
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world can not receive :
Fill us with the Father's love,
Never from our souls remove,
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

Part the Fourth.

13 **C**HRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are :
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine,
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee, who fillest all in all.

14 Closer knit to thee our Head,
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed ;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live :
Jesus, we thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care :
Of thy flesh and of thy bone :
Love, for ever love thine own.

15 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placéd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil ;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the others prove,
Use the grace on each bestowéd,
Temperéd by the art of God.

16 Sweetly now we all agree,
Touchéd with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feels its share :
Wounded by the grief of one,
All the suffering members groan ;
Honouréd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

17 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on ;

There

There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyéd,
Renderéd all distinctions void ;
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Part the Fifth.

18 **C**OME, ye kindred souls above,
Man provokes you unto love :
Saints and angels, hear the call,
Praise the common Lord of all ;
Him let earth and heaven proclaim,
Earth and heaven, record his Name ;
Let us both in this agree,
Both his one great family.

19 Hosts of heaven, begin the song,
Praise him with a tuneful tongue :
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise,
We can only list his praise ;)
Us repenting sinners see,
Jesus died to set us free ;
Sing ye over us forgiven,
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven,

20 Be it unto angels known,
By the church what God hath done :
Depths of love and wisdom see
In a dying Deity !
Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze,
Never can ye sound his grace :
Lost in wonder, look no more,
Fall, and silently adore !

21 Ministerial spirits, know,
Execute your charge below :
You our Father hath preparéd,
Fencéd us with a flaming guard ;

Bids you all our ways attend,
 Safe convoy us to the end ;
 On your wings our souls remove,
 Waft us to the realms above.

Part the Sixth.

22 **H**APPY souls! whose course is run,
 Who the fight of faith have won,
 Parted by an earlier death,
 Think ye of your friends beneath ?
 Have ye your own flesh forgot,
 By a common ransom bought ?
 Can death's interposing tide,
 Spirits one in Christ divide ?

23 No ! for us you ever wait,
 Till we make your bliss complete,
 Till your fellow-servants come,
 Till your brethren hasten home :
 You in paradise remain,
 For your testimony slain,
 Nobly who for Jesus stood,
 Bold to seal the truth with blood.

24 Ever now your speaking cries
 From beneath the altar rise,
 Loudly call for vengeance due ;
 " Come, thou holy God, and true !
 Lord, how long dost thou delay ?
 Come to judgment, come away !
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom,
 Come away, to judgment come."

25 Wait, ye righteous spirits, wait,
 Soon arrives your glorious state ;
 Robéd in white, a season rest,
 Blest, if not supremely blest :
 When the number is fulfilled,
 When the witnesses are killed,

When

When we all from earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

- 26 Jesu, hear, and bow the skies,
Hark ! we all unite our cries ;
Take us to thy heavenly home,
Quickly let thy kingdom come !
Jesu, come, the Spirit cries !
Jesu, come, the Bride replies !
One triumphant church above
Join us all in perfect love.

F I N I S.



I N D E X.

A

	P.	H.
A MEN, to all that God hath said! —	110	75
And can I yet delay —	31	21
And wilt thou yet be found? — —	30	ib.
Arise, my soul, arise, — — —	57	40
Author of faith, appear, — — —	96	67

B

Behold the Saviour of mankind, —	46	34
Blest be the dear uniting love, — —	121	32

C

Christ, from whom all blessings flow, —	129	34
Christ, our Head, gone up on high, —	127	ib.
Come, and let us sweetly join, — —	122	33
Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice, —	92	65
Come, O thou greater than our heart, —	104	72
Come, O thou Traveller unknown, —	55	39
Come, thou high and lofty Lord, —	123	33
Come, ye kindred souls above, — —	130	34
Commit thou all thy griefs — — —	51	37

F

Father, if thou my Father art, — —	37	25
Father of lights, from whom proceeds, —	6	2
Father of our dying Lord, — — —	119	30
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear — —	126	34
Fountain of life, to all below — —	118	79

G

Giver of concord, Prince of peace, —	119	31
Give to the winds thy fears, — — —	52	37
God of my salvation, hear, — — —	25	16
God of unexhausted grace, — — —	77	53

M

Hail!

I N D E X.

	H	P.	H.
Hail! venerable train, — — —		65	45
Happy souls! whose course is run, —		131	84
Happy soul, who sees the day, — —		102	71
Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh,		5	1
Holy, and True, the Key — — —		71	48
Holy Lamb, who thee receive, — —		40	28

I

Jesu, if still the same thou art, — —		18	11
Jesu, Lover of my soul, — — —		19	12
Jesu, my King, to thee I bow, — —		93	66
Jesu, my Life, thyself apply, — —		42	30
Jesu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend, —		86	61
Jesu, my soul takes hold on thee, — —		94	66
Jesu, my Strength, my Hope, — — —		89	63
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind, — — —		99	69
Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord, — —		34	23
Jesu, thou art my righteousness, — —		41	29
Jesu, thou art our King, — — —		62	43
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness — —		97	68
Jesu, thy boundless love to me, — —		47	35
Jesu, to thee I bow, — — —		58	40
Jesu, to thee my heart I bow; — — —		45	33
Jesu, united by thy grace, — — —		117	78
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear, — — —		82	57
Jesus, if still thou art to-day — — —		22	15
Jesus, in whom the weary find — — —		13	7
Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays — —		20	13
If now I have acceptance found — —		85	60
I thank thee, whose atoning blood — —		76	52
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,		21	14
I want an heart to pray, — — —		90	63

L

Lamb of God, for sinners slain, — —		16	9
Let the world their virtue boast, — —		69	47
Let us join, ('tis God commands,) — —		124	83
Lord, and am I yet alive? — — —		91	64

My

I N D E X.

M	P.	H.
My God, I humbly call thee mine, —	80	56
My God, my God, to thee I cry, —	79	55

N		
Naked of thine image, Lord, —	15	8
Now I have found the ground wherein	39	27

O		
O almighty God of love, — — —	84	59
O draw me, Saviour, after thee, — —	48	35
O for an heart to praise my God! —	28	19
O for a thousand tongues to sing —	63	44
O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea,	50	36
O God of my salvation, hear, —	75	52
O heavenly King, &c. — — — —	74	50
O Jesu, Source of calm repose, — —	72	49
O joyful sound of gospel-grace! — —	114	76
O Love divine, what hast thou done?	36	24
O Love, I languish at thy stay, —	35	24
Omnipotent Lord, &c. — — —	78	54
O my Lord, what must I do? — — —	27	18
O that my load of sin were gone! —	32	22
O that thou wouldst the heavens rent,	33	23
Other ground can no man lay, — —	127	84
O thou dear suffering Son of God, —	11	5
O thou, who dost the churches bear, —	108	73
O thou, whom fain my soul would love,	29	20
O thou, whose eyes run to and fro —	109	74
O what shall I do, &c. — — —	74	51

P		
Partners of a glorious hope, — —	125	83
Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am;	53	38
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear, —	87	61
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads, —	17	10
Prophet on earth bestowed, — — —	70	48

R		
Regardless now of things below, —	12	6
		Saviour

I N D E X.

	S	P.	H.
Saviour of all, to thee we bow,	— —	113	75
Saviour, the world's and mine,	—	60	41
Sinners, your Saviour see,	— —	95	67
Son of God, if thy free grace	— —	83	58
Still, O my soul, prolong	— — —	61	42
Suffice for me, that thou, my Lord,	—	9	4

T

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower,	43	31
The Lord is King, and earth submits,	107	72
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,	8	3
Thou, Jesu, art our King,	— — 64	45
To the haven of thy breast,	— — 88	62
Try us, O God, and search the ground	116	77

U

Vain, delusive world, adieu,	— —	67	46
Unchangeable, almighty Lord,	— —	105	72

W

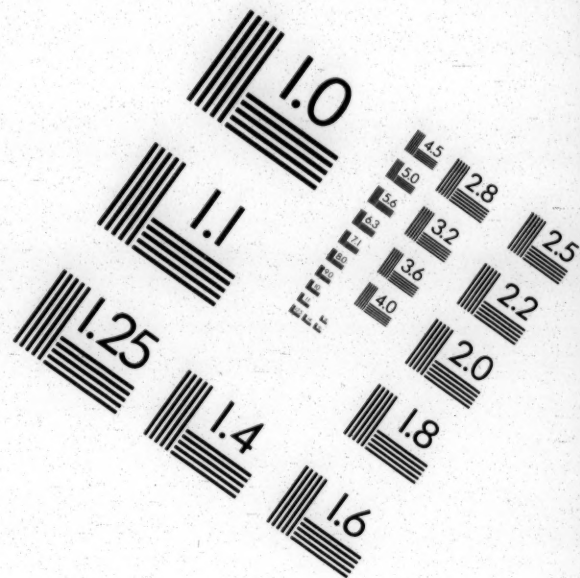
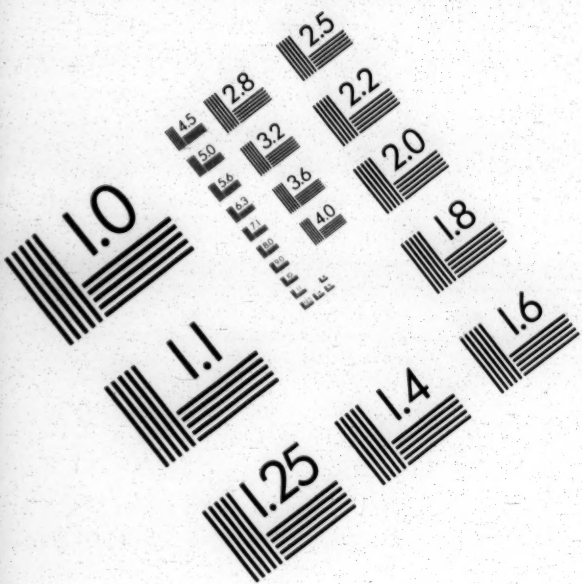
What tho' all I am is sin,	— —	68	46
When from the dust of death I rise,	— —	98	68
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be	— —	26	17
Where shall my wondring soul begin?	— —	44	32
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,	— —	38	26
While dead in trespasses I lie,	— —	23	15
Witness divine, the just and true,	— —	103	72
Wretched, helpless, and distressed,	— —	14	8

Y

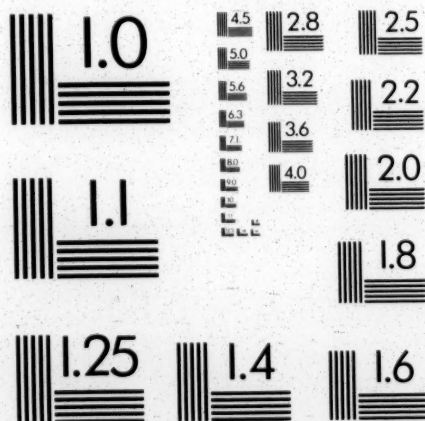
Ye happy sinners, hear	— — —	101	70
Ye that pass by, behold the man!	— —	10	5
Yet still we glory in thy Name,	— —	112	75
Yield to me now, for I am weak;	— —	56	39

TOP

Film Identification



PRECISIONSM RESOLUTION TARGETS

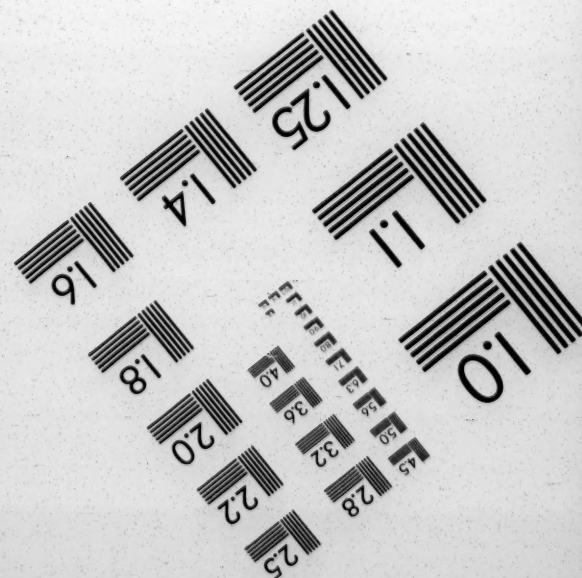
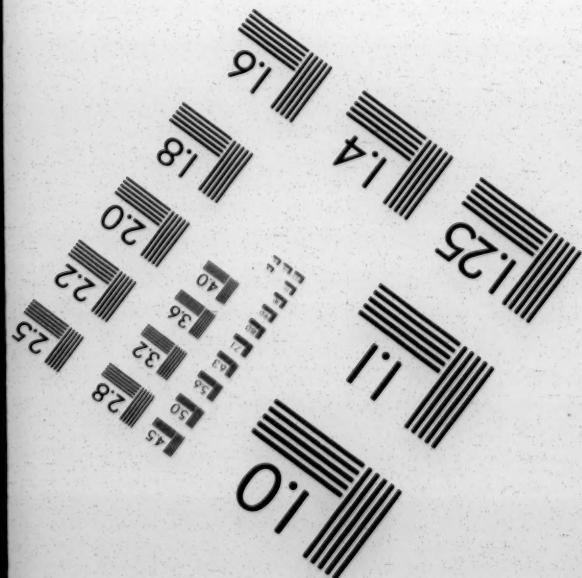


LEFT

RIGHT

150 MM

6"



PM-3 8½"x11" PHOTOGRAPHIC GENERAL TARGET
NBS 1010a ANSI/ISO #2 EQUIVALENT

